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The subjoined article from *Blackwood* is a fair satire on the extravagant, and, as it has been not unapplied called, convulsive, school of novel writing.

THE FATAL TEARS.

INTRODUCTION.

A life spent in the din of battle, where the ceaseless cannonade of flashing artillery reverberated from the mountainous recesses, to which freedom, patriotism, and the Guerilla chieftains of the south of Spain retired for a season, like Anteus, to be reinvigorated by the very effort which was made to strangle them, like the hydra, on the hour of their birth, has left me worn in person, indeed, with the marks of military distinction on my brow and the breast of my surcoat, but fresh and vigorous in mind, and tender in feeling, as when in the hours of my early boyhood my young heart palpitated to the tale of suffering, and my bright eyes furnished a torrent of tears to every tale of woe. Yes! I am thankful to heaven, which leaves me as ready to weep as ever; and, oh! is there a happiness left to console us, like Pandora's box, which contained Hope, inestimable Hope, at the bottom of it, greater or more delightful, or worthier of a tender and manly spirit, than the power of bending the head under the weight of affliction, and soothing the wounded spirit with a briny flood? Often have I mourned over the miseries of war—often wet my bed with the excretions of the lachrymatory duct, to think what misery existed in the world, and I without a chance of being a spectator of it. The tender-hearted reader will enter into my feelings—I know that his manly eyes will be suffused—methinks I hear the sobs of anguish bursting from his heroic breast—methinks I see the trickling drops coursing each other down his furrowed face—and fancy pictures to me his handkerchief surcharged with its precious cargo, till, to the eyes of vulgar contemplation, it might seem to have been submerged for many a lingering hour beneath the salt billows of the glorious and ever resounding sea. Blest by nature with a face and person such as few men have the happiness to boast of—with cheeks that alternately reddened and paled beneath the fluctuating influences of an artfully varied narrative—and eyes that shot a piercing ray of sympathy and condolence through the darkest clouds that enveloped in their shady folds the sons and daughters of misery and distress—a form elastic and graceful in all its movements, and a mind replete with all the tenderness of the softest nature, yet furnished with all the thunder and lightning of a fierce, a wild, a fiery disposition—I look back with regret to the days which I wasted in seeking that bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. Oh, that I could recall those days, alas! for ever vanished, and that thou, my ever-adored—ever lamented—ever beautiful Anna-Maria-Matilda! hadst been left to me by envious fate to share the laurels with, without thee, flourish in vain on my ever-gloomy brow; but, alas! I wander an outcast from the gay haunts of men—a sharer only in their griefs, and not their joys—a wasted, hopeless, pining, friendless, sad, distressed, sorrow-stricken, and miserable man! The following narrative, the incidents of which occurred not many years ago, has been my only solace through many years of solitude and despair. If it imparts to one human being the ecstasy of grief which it has bestowed upon myself, my labors, my pangs, my sufferings, my agonies, and my misfortunes, will be amply and enchantingly repaid.

A TALE OF WOE.

In one of those umbrageous valleys which stretch their perennial wretchedness in lingering expanse on the sandy shores of the vast Atlantic; where huge forests shake their leafy horrors over the barren and shrubless wilderness, inhabited only by the jaguar, and the parrot, and the tiger—in longitude fifty-seven, and latitude forty-two, southeast by north—it was once my fortune to find myself benighted, unaccompanied and alone! How my soul gloried in the awful majesty of those hitherto unpenetrated solitudes! I looked down upon the earth, but, as it was pitch-dark, I could see very little of the soil upon which I trod—on casting my eyes up to the infinitude of space, nothing met my aching vision but a pall of thick, dark, impenetrable gloom. All around me objects were invisible. I therefore spread my cloak beneath the branches of a wide-spreading, blossom-covered magnolia, and after a sigh over the memories of the unhappiness of my young days, I laid me down to sleep. Oh—not to sleep! No, throughout the watches of that dreary and portentous night, my proud breast heaved beneath the appalling weight of agonizing recollections. From the cradle,—through the sufferings of long clothes—short clothes, school, drill, parade, battle, and advance through the territories of a hostile foe,—up to that hour when I made myself a companion of the tameless savage of the untrodden wilds,—my life had been but a succession of melancholy adventures and tortured feelings. In that night of misery and solitude I recalled every incident of my babyhood, childhood, boyhood, opening dawn of manhood, first flush of military glory, down to the last and darkest hour, when, on the serrated mountains of heroic Spain I clasped to my bosom in an agony of tears the young, the bright, the beautiful—but of this no more. My eyes were red when on the morrow I opened them to a sense of my situation. Dark piles of rock rose in unapproachable magnificence to hail with halo-covered summits the advent of the god of day. I never saw Sol look so pretty!

Stooping down to lave my burning forehead in the cooling waves of a secret spring which welled its delicious way into the upper air through the

constipated bowels of the dark and humid earth, I was surprised, deep within its placid waters to perceive the reflection of a human figure—another, and not my own! In such a place, remote from the haunts of men, at such an hour, when the parting wing of darkness was still fringed with the first smiles of the approaching god, in such an attitude, for I was stooping in nearly a state of pristine nudity, my surprise may be imagined on seeing the figure of a tall and reverend looking individual standing quietly with his arms folded across his breast, and a pipe of the very shortest dimensions protruded placidly from the right-hand corner of his mouth! The aromatic smell of the Virginian leaf saluting my olfactory nerves at the same time, assured me by the evidence of a second sense of the reality of the vision. I dried my brow with the sleeve of my innermost garment, and on turning round, said to him—

'Hail, father! I am happy to have encountered so respectable-looking a gentleman in the heart of this tremendous solitude.'

'Solitude!' replied the stranger, in a deep sepulchral tone. 'Call it solitude no longer. It is populous—crowded—crushed—squeezed with a redundancy of population.'

'Oh, stranger, your words are marvellous. Tell me, I pray thee, where are the countless multitudes you describe?'

'Here!' said the old man, taking the pipe from his mouth and pointing with the stalk of it to his breast. 'Ay, here; in this withered heart are thoughts that would populate the universe with their breathing creations—memories, hopes, feelings, agonies, woes, disasters—all, all are here in their living, breathing, moving, speaking, walking, writhing hideousness, horror, vitality, and despair!'

'Father,' said I, 'let me take thee by the hand; at last I have found a spirit congenial with my own. Let us retire to some grotto consecrated to the muse of tenderest lamentation, and there let us have a delicious day of sobbing and sighing.'

'Agreed,' said the admirable old man; and having wiped from our eyes the drops of sympathy, we wandered deeper into the forest.

As I followed my mysterious guide, I could not avoid taking more particular notice of his personal appearance. He was tall, gigantesquely tall; upwards, I should say, of five feet seven. Broad shoulders, which seemed adapted to support the weight of mightiest monarchies, suspending from them brawny arms, furnished at the extremities with hands of prodigious size; legs of extremely muscular appearance, which would have been eminently handsome had it not been that the knees, through some unaccountable sympathy with each other, had accustomed themselves to the very closest proximity which is compatible with the power of progression; and all surmounted by a head whose thick curling locks, now grizzled with the first snows of time, hung in wild profusion over the collar of what had at one time evidently been a coat, completed the *tout ensemble* of a figure at once lordly and attractive, at once homely and sublime!

Deeper and deeper did we advance into the sylvan wilderness—higher and higher rose my expectation of a 'feast of tears.' I could guess, with the clear-sighted certainty of a sympathetic soul, that my companion was no ordinary man; that his innermost being had been harassed by the most intolerable of woes; and that in silence, in solitude, and in secret, in the depths of caves, and the umbrageousness of woods, he nursed the recollections of the severest anguish, the bitterest distress. Nor was I mistaken in these expectations. The stranger suddenly paused and said—

'Here is the home which my miseries have left me: Enter, and may such sorrows as I have encountered never lay their weighty burdens on the wild boundings of your young and gallant bosom.'

'Stranger!' I replied; 'my eyes are surely blinded with the streams of sympathy, for I see not your home.'

'Not see my home? Seest thou not this stone indented with the pressure of my aching head? That is my pillow! Seest thou not this mossy bank, where the rank herbage has spread its wild luxuriance? That is my couch! Mark'st thou not those Patagonian toad-stools stretching their vast longitude to the morning sun? These are the furniture of my chamber! This well—thou seest it—bubbling in perpetual freshness from the bosom of the rock? That, oh, stranger, is my cellar and my wash-hand-basin!'

'Simple furniture,' I exclaimed; 'amiable apartments. Here no intruding landlord interrupts the continuity of your sorrows, by tendering his weekly bill; no roof to require new slating; no floor to be repaired! If thou, oh stranger, wilt allow me, I shall be happy to be your neighbor, and to establish myself in similar lodgings to these, upon the same melancholy and economical terms.'

'Try it not,' replied the stranger; 'unless your woe is equal in intensity to mine, your enjoyment in such a scene as this would be temporary as the morning dew!'

'My woe,' I said, 'is pretty considerable.'

'But what is your woe to mine? Here the venerable recluse paused, and, after groaning deeply three times, proceeded in a more collected tone of voice—'Your woe, whatever it may be, is as dust weighed against a mountain—as a gossamer, which weaves its filmy web from bush to bush, placed in the opposite scale to the hugest whale that soothes the fever of its blood by rubbing its prodigious back upon an iceberg in the Polar Sea, when placed in competition with mine! What is the loss of friends if death has taken them in the ordinary way? What even the falsehood of a beloved one, if for her fickleness you have not to blame yourself? What are these? What is all that is anything compared to the unpronounceable and unfathomable distress which it has been mine for many a long year to endure!'

'I confess,' I replied, 'the superiority of your woes; but suffer me to enjoy the narrative of your distress, that I may refresh myself this sultry morning with a torrent of tears.'

'Tears!' exclaimed the old man, jumping many feet into the air, for his activity was the most wonderful I ever saw—'There!—there!—how darest thou recall to my palpitating bosom the cause of all my misery; but pardon me, young soldier, for, from your noble bearing, I perceive you must have been at least a lieutenant, if not even a captain in the gory field. Pardon me—you know not what a pang you have shot through my heart!' He took from his pocket a hand-

kerchief, which like many a matron reduced, alas! to poverty, bore evident marks of having seen better days; and having spread it on his knee, as if to be ready when he required it, he made preparations to commence his narrative. With handkerchief in hand I set myself to listen, and such an hour of sorrowing exultation, and exhilarating distress, it has rarely been my lot to enjoy, or suffer.

'My name is Gribble,' he began—'my Christian appellation, Timothy—my country, England—my county, Devon—'

'A countryman!' I exclaimed—'I, too, was born on Tamar's flowery banks.'

'From earliest youth of a melancholy and musing disposition, I shunned the usual enjoyments of my years, and lived in a world of my own, which was peopled with all that was beautiful and heroic, delicious and divine. The library was my chief delight—my study, romance—my enjoyment, sorrow—to laugh was horror—paradise to weep! This went on for many years. What was it to me that people wondered at my manner of life! What though my father scowled on me, and wished me to employ my talents in the hardware line, instead of snivelling, as he basely called it, over fictitious woe! He little knew the ardor of my soul. Rather than be deprived of my rapturous power of tears—rather, far rather, would I have had the demand for pocketers, tongs, gridirons, and saucepans, entirely to have ceased. Rather would I have had no customer visit the paternal shop, than forego for one hour the pleasure of indulging my feelings over some narrative of distress! As time passed on, although I could not conceal from myself that the vain and frivolous, as well as the considerate and solemn, disapproved of this manner of passing my youth, I found that, in this preference for the miserable over the gladsome, I was not alone! No!—the loveliest of her sex was as fond of the indulgence of her grief as I was; and such a congeniality of disposition drew so close between us the bonds of admiration, that in the earliest flush of manhood, ere I had numbered three-and-thirty summers, I made her, with many tears, an offer of my hand. It was accepted. How we wept!'

Here the old man paused, and blowing his nose three or four times in a very earnest manner, as if to bury some thrilling recollection, proceeded more solemnly than before.

'Deborah was fair—O, exquisitely fair! but she was short—O, uncommonly short! Nature had condensed into four feet five a mass of beauty that would have sufficed a giantess. Nine-and-twenty years had fully developed the loveliness of her mind as well as of her form, and both were perfect—O, quite so!'

'Fathers have flinty hearts. Her sire also was in the hardware line. Rivals in trade, our respective progenitors were rivals also in cruelty. "Borry!" I said one day, in the overflowing of my agonized heart's afflictions—"Borry," I said, how I hate my papa!'

'I, too, oh, my dearest Timothy, abominate and detest the cold-blooded monster who calls himself my father.'

'Let us leave them,' said I.

'With all my ardent heart's most consenting acquiescence,' said she. Stranger! I was the happiest of men. But a presentiment of the horrors which awaited me made even that delicious moment be only celebrated by our tears.

'Our preparations were soon concluded. There is a certain drawer in the counter of a professional vender of the articles of ordinary commerce which is called a till. The respective tills of our fathers supplied all our wants. One large trunk, containing all our worldly goods, was forwarded to Plymouth. A vessel was on the point of sailing, we knew not whither, when we arrived. We embarked. For days, and weeks, and months, we floated on the weltering deep, and were landed at last on the Californian shores of the interior of Africa—dread abode of Hottentots and lions—where the foot of civilized man and cultivated woman had never trod. How blest were Deborah and I! Our trunk was now nearly emptied; for, to satisfy the cravings of the commander of the vessel, we were forced to part with almost everything with which we had filled it. But a few books of that chastened and delightful class which draw forth sighs in every page, two shirts and a cotton night-cap, were all that remained to us of our property. We wandered into the tremendous solitudes of that undiscovered world, and finding a place sheltered by trees and watered by fountains, we resolved to make that the conclusion of our pilgrimage, and there, in gentle converse, and sweet melancholy, to taste the luxury of woe. We lived there for some years. Pardon me, stranger, if I pause a little, and recover strength to relate to you the terrible catastrophe.'

I confess, when the old man thus addressed me, that my heart thrilled with the most astonishing emotions of sympathy and curiosity. He went on after an interval of about five minutes.

'Our furniture, as you may believe, was scanty. My bed was, as it is now, the earth; but Borry's delicate health required, and her very short dimensions admitted, of a more sheltered resting-place. The trunk—oh, horrid recollection!—she slept in the trunk which had contained our clothes. One day when, overcome by the intense heat, she had laid herself to rest in this humble couch, she called to me and said, "My heart, O Tim, is overcome with horrid apprehensions. I feel a sort of all-overishness."

'I threw myself on my knee beside the trunk, and looked down with a melancholy sort of pride on the beautiful creature lying nestled at the bottom of it.

'Borry,' I said, 'give not way to despair; here, take again the Sorrows of Werter, and refresh yourself with once more perusing the most afflictive parts of the story.' She did as she was desired—she read aloud, and her tears proved how deeply she entered into the dismal scene. But other thoughts were in my heart; deeper, sadder, tenderer than any that were awakened by the tale. I bent over her as she read—my tears were shed in torrents—I marked not anything but my own miserable thoughts—my eyes were fixed on vacancy—her voice still sounded in my ears. By fits 'twas interrupted,—then the struggles of irrepressible grief—then inarticulate murmurs—then a total silence! I recalled my wandering thoughts; I cleared my eye of tears—I looked. Horror of horrors! why did I not die that instant! There! at the bottom of that trunk, seen dimly through the liquid grave in which she was enclosed, lay Deborah—my life—my love, drowned!—drown-

ed in her own tears and mine! From that hour I wandered through the world with the mark of Cain upon my brow—a murderer!—Stranger, is it not a harrowing recollection! Ha! I see that your soul is melted. There! feel my brow! I am not mad—no—no—yes—yes—yes—ah!—horrid!—horrid! On saying this the mysterious stranger darted up a tree with the rapidity of thought, and in vain I tried to discover him. His narrative has never departed from my mind. Remember thee! ay, I'll remember thee while memory holds her seat in this distracted brain.

From the Public Ledger.

CITY POLICE.—Before John Swift, Mayor.

SATURDAY, April 7, 1838.

Barney Ryan and Henry Patterson, a couple of miserable loafers, got drunk last night, were taken up by the watchman, and let go this morning by the Mayor.

Catharine Coas—but no, the ladies, 'creatures of a gentler race,' we touch them tenderly, and draw a veil over their foibles, leaving a dark —, MONDAY, April 9, 1838.

George Somebody was the self-appointed Captain of an exploring expedition, consisting of five or six other individuals, which set sail on Saturday evening last, in search of 'Symms' hole,' or any other 'hole' where rum is sold, which they succeeded in finding, and there indulged themselves till they felt funny, and were ripe for adventure.

'Hullo!' said George, pointing to a striped pole which embellished the front of a barber's shop, 'is that the north pole?'

'No, that's the south pole,' said a second.

'No,' said one more sober than the rest, 'that's a barber's pole.'

'Well, no matter what pole it is; bring it along, we'll take possession of it in the name of "Uncle Sam."

They detached the pole from its fastenings, mounted it on their shoulders, and were carrying it carefully down the street, when, happening to meet the watchman, they dropped it quickly, and each made off in a different direction. The watchman pursued, overtook the leader, and made him a prisoner. This morning we were surprised with the sight of a long striped pole, elevated above the heads of the lookers on. At first we thought the high constable was coming, and this was the insignia of his office; but we soon found that it was the identical pole taken from the door, which had come up as a witness against George.

Mayor.—'Who does this pole belong to?'

'Me, sure,' said a scented little foreigner, pushing his way through the crowd.

Mayor.—'Who are you? What's your name?'

'Pharon Gauron. P-h-a-r-o-n G-a-u-r-o-n,' said he, spelling it.

Mayor.—'Was it taken from your door?'

'Yes, sure; it was stand fast by my door.'

Mayor.—'George, you're bound over to answer this charge at the court of criminal sessions.'

And away he was taken to the black hole below.

James Saunders and Thomas Winters, two young men, just about of age, were last night staggering along in the neighborhood of Fifth and South Streets, with their souls, mellowed by drink and the rain, peculiarly fitted for the reception of sweet sounds.

'Hark! what music is that?' said one, listening to the voice of the watchman, as he cried 'Twelve o'clock!'

'Wouldn't you like to be a watchman, Tom, and sing so poety, when all's so quiet, and you can be heard so well?'

'Yes, I would so; I can beat that feller; just listen: "Past twelve o'clock!"'

'Ha! stop that noise,' said the watchman.

'O, my dear sir, I didn't mean to offend; I only wanted to help you.'

'I don't want any help; I can attend to my own business myself; no one has a right to do a thing but him that's paid for it.'

'That ain't the rule our master worked by; if we done nothing, he paid us pretty well for it.'

'Well, go home now quietly, and go to bed.'

'Yes, sir, thank'ee, sir; much obliged to you for your politeness, sir. You's a gentleman; we'll go right away, sir.'

The watchman left them, but returning again in about an hour, he found them in the same place, still exercising their vocal powers in crying the hour. Finding that talking to them was of no avail, he took them to the watch-house, and this morning they were both fined.

James Brown and James Carney, drunk and making a noise. Fined; and the first bound over to keep the peace.

Susan Jones, found in a state of intoxication at the corner of Second and Pine streets; discharged. Edward Kemmy, drunk; fined.

TUESDAY, April 10, 1838.

Daniel Clute, a weather-beaten seaman, was found by the watchman, laid up high, but not dry. Dan was mortified this morning at his situation; and, to the modest, we are merciful. After an attentive consideration of the case, he finally offered a resolution never to do so again, which was unanimously adopted by him, and then he was discharged. To Dan we would say, stick to the resolution.

NORTHERN LIBERTIES POLICE.

J. Conrad, Mayor.

SUNDAY, April 8, 1838.

Thomas Fletcher, Lewis Tombs and Jacob Fulmer, were all walked into the office this morning, where we had already posted ourselves to get a 'lunar' of the captives.

'My eyes!' said Thomas, do you know that picture there behind the railing?'

'What! that thing with a rattlesnake pliz?' replied Jake, 'I wouldn't know him for a "tip."'

'Hush!' was the rejoinder; 'why that's the Ledger feller, and if he hears you he'll row you up Salt River.'

'I don't care if he does,' was the reply; 'if I wasn't a better looking feller than him, I don't think I'd make fun of other folks, any how. Jest look what an ugly grin he's got.'

At this moment their discourse, which was held in an under tone, was interrupted by the entrance of the Mayor, who sent all hands to prison for getting drunk.

MONDAY, April 9, 1838.

John Moore and Patrick Lynn got 'excited,' and were sent to Moyamensing to be cured.

TUESDAY, April 10, 1838.

Jacob Faunce was the only one nabbed last night.

'Alas! you need not tell us where you've been, that, by your fiery gills, is quickly seen. The blazing comet that adorns your face Too plainly shows you've hugged the juicy glass; For drink whate'er you please, the liquor flows Into your old repository nose. Which, when so full, it can no more retain, Will, at one squeeze, supply the glass again; Therefore 'tis needless you so oft should go To the tavern, since you cannot choose but know That what you drink one day may be of use The next; but press your rubies for their juice; Nay, twice concocted, it may quench your thirst The second time much better than the first. Had we thee hither, Jake, you soon should see We'd make your grapes yield claret presently.'

Jake had no money to pay his fine, and was therefore sent on a Southern Expedition.

PEARL FISHING IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

[From *Wellsted's Travels in Arabia*.]

'The pearl bank extends from Sharja to Bidulph's Group. The bottom is of shelly sand and broken coral, and the depths vary from five to fifteen fathoms. The right of fishing on the bank is common, but alterations between rival tribes are not unfrequent. Should the presence of a vessel of war prevent them from settling these disputes on the spot, they are generally decided on the islands where they land to open their oysters. In order to check such quarrels, which, if permitted, would lead to general confusion, two government vessels are usually cruising on the bank.'

'Their boats are of various sizes, and of various construction, averaging from ten to fifty tons. During one season it is computed that the island of Bahrein furnishes, of all sizes, three thousand five hundred; the Persian coast, one hundred; and the space between Bahrein and the entrance to the Gulf, including the Pirate Coast, seven hundred. The value of the pearls obtained at these several ports is estimated at forty lacs of dollars, or four hundred thousand pounds. Their boats carry a crew varying from eight to forty men, and the number of mariners thus employed, at the height of the season, is rather above thirty thousand. None receive any definite wages, but each has a share of the profits upon the whole. A small tax is also levied on each boat by the Sheikh of the port to which it belongs. During this period they live on dates and fish, of which the latter are numerous and good, and to such meagre diet our small presents of rice were a most welcome addition. Where polpy abound, they envelop themselves in a white garment; but in general, with the exception of a cloth around their waist, they are perfectly naked. When about to proceed to business, they divide themselves into two parties, one of which remains in the boat to hand up the others who are engaged in diving. The latter having provided themselves with a small basket, jump overboard, and place their feet on the stone, to which a line is attached. Upon a given signal this is let go, and they sink with it to the bottom. When the oysters are thickly clustered, eight or ten may be procured at each descent; the line is then jerked, and the person stationed in the boat hauls the diver up with as much rapidity as possible. The period during which they can remain under water has been much overrated; one minute is the average, and I never knew them, but on one occasion, to exceed a minute and a half.

'Accidents do not very frequently occur from sharks, but the sawfish (the *Antiguorum* of Linnaeus) is much dreaded. Instances were related to me where the divers had been completely cut in two by these monsters, which attain, in the Persian Gulf, a far larger size than in any other part of the world where I have met with them. As the character of this fish may not be familiar to the general reader, I will add a few words in the way of description. They are of an oblong rounded form, their head being somewhat flattened from the fore part, and tapering more abruptly towards the tail. They usually measure from thirteen to fifteen feet in length, being covered with a coriaceous skin, of a dark color above, but white beneath. The terrific weapon from whence they derive their name, is a flat projecting snout, six feet in length, four inches in breadth, armed on either side with spines resembling the teeth of a shark.

'Diving is considered very detrimental to health, and without doubt it shortens the life of those who much practice it. In order to aid the retention of the breath, the diver places a piece of elastic horn over his nostrils, which binds them closely together. He does not enter the boat each time he rises to the surface, ropes being attached to the side, to which he clings, until he has obtained breath for another attempt. As soon as the fishermen have filled their boats, they proceed to some of the islands with which the bank is studded, and there, with mast, oars, and sails, construct their tents. They estimate the unopened oysters at two dollars a hundred.'

A BROTHER'S LOVE.

There is something transcendently virtuous in the affections of a warm-hearted brother towards his gentle and amiable sister. He can feel unbounded admiration for her beauty—he can appreciate and applaud the kindness which she bestows upon himself. He can press her bright lips and fair forehead, and still she is unpolluted—he can watch the blush steal over her features, when he tells her of her innocent follies, and he can clasp her to his bosom in consolation when the tears gush from her over-loaded heart.

With woman there is a feeling of pride mingled with the regard which she has for a brother. She looks upon him as one fitted to brave the tempest of the world—as one to whose arm of protection she can fly for shelter, when she is stricken by sorrow, wronged or oppressed—as one whose honor is connected with her own, and who during the affections of the other sex. A female without the affections of the other principle—and as innate and shrinking perception of virtue, is a true characteristic of a pure hearted creature, so it is the most inalienable union between hearts, that truly beat in response to each other. There is more tenderness in the disposition of woman than of man; but the affection of a brother is full of the purest and most generous impulses; it cannot be quenched by aught on earth, and will outlive all selfish and sordid attachments. A deep-rooted regard for a gentle creature, born of the same parents with ourselves, is certainly one of the noblest feelings of our nature; and were every other feeling of human nature dead, save this, there would still a bright hope remain that the fountain of virtue and principle was not yet sealed.